

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Matthew 5:11.

THE OTISFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY

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Americas Day to give thanks!
Let us do so humbly and reverently.

In spite of stormy weather, Otisfield enjoyed Thanksgiving. Turkey, chicken, pork and geese with all the "fixins" made dinner tables a mouth-watering delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bean and Mr. and Mrs. Everett Bean were hosts for a family gathering Thursday. There were twenty two for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Freeman entertained Mr. and Mrs. L.M. Rowe, Mrs. Hattie Rowe, Mrs. Lona Doughty, Terraine Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. W.H.D. Smith of Norway and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Wiley and two daughters from town, for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Bernice Robinson is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goggins. She will be with them for the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Lamb expected some of Mrs. Lamb's relatives for dinner Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Fickett look forward to entertaining Mrs. Fickett's son Jack Giberson and wife and sister Mrs. Mattie Brackett.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Butler had their family and Mr. Frank Gately for dinner Thursday.

Mabel Wilbur and the John Downings planned to have Thanksgiving dinner together and attend the drama in Bolsters Mills in the evening.

Audrey Oberg is home with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Oberg for the holiday recess.

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Lunde were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heikkinen.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bean have gone to Knowles Corner to visit Mrs. Beans parents. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goss are taking care of their place.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dyer spent Thanksgiving at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Webber and son spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Holden in Norway. The Webbers brought home a small pig.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whittum and family spent Thursday on Johnson Hill with Mrs. Whittums parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butler spent their Thanksgiving at home.

The Herbert Webbers planned to entertain Mrs. Webbers parents the Edgar Holdens and two brothers.

Ralph Lamb has been working for his sister Ruth Ralph, putting glass in the windows of the old home.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Blossom planned to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gockett and family and Mrs. Ruby Sharon for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Cook of Portland are at their home for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Nutting expected to entertain their daughter Ruth Greenleaf and Martha Nutting, their granddaughter Gail Greenleaf and Mrs. Nuttings sister Mrs. Grace Plumb over Thanksgiving.

Maurice Blake has been in town this week. He has done some hunting.

Mabel Wilbur was in Lewiston Monday to visit the Optometrist; while there she called on Mrs. Charles Martin.

Helen Jakola is still hunting that elusive deer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Stone and family, Annette K. Pottle and John Pottle were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stone.

Francis Small Q.M. and wife Jacqueline H. Small are spending the holiday recess with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Almon Hirst.

Mrs. Garfield Judkins and Mrs. Iva Swift of Norway were recent visitors at R.M. Freemans.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dion were in town Wednesday night.

Mrs. Guy Tucker has finished painting the names for the Honor Roll, and delivered them to Ralph Lamb.

Mabel Wilbur dined with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dyer Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Huff and children spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goss, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Peaco had as Thanksgiving guests: Arthur and Elsie Peaco, Jacqueline Dresser, Dominique Caron, Mrs. George Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Orrington Ghabourne and daughter Constance.

Benjamin Dyer is yarding wood for Mabel Wilbur.

Mr. and Mrs. B.C. Jillson and the Ralph Vinings spent Thanksgiving at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Dunham and Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Huff and children were callers at Ralph Freemans recently.

Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goss and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Freeman were Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Goss, Franklin Goss, Edith Goss, Leo Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Haskell and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lowell, all of Auburn.

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in awhile and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.

George L. L. L.

OTISFIELD GORE

Dan Reese got a nice deer Saturday.

Sarah and Mary Thomas of South Paris called on the Lester Thomas Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnson and family enjoyed a venison supper with Thannie and Ruby Green Wednesday evening.

Ruby Green took Myrtle Merrill to Naples Monday to see the doctor.

Miss Vera Thurlow worked for Helen Holt on Saturday.

Nathaniel B. Green was in Lewiston Friday and called on his uncle David Jillson, who is in the C.M.G. Hospital.

Lucia York called on Mr. and Mrs. C.B. Grover Monday afternoon.

Jean Dresser of Norway spent the week-end with her father, Earle Dresser and family.

The 4H Club of Bolsters Mills are putting on a box supper and dance November 30th at the Grange Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Harlow spent Sunday with her sister Mabel Thurlow and family. Mr. Harlow did some shingling for Charlie.

Myrtle Thurlow stayed home from school Monday with a cold.

Mrs. Helen Holt and two children spent the day Sunday with Helen Crooker and family. Mrs. Holt's mother-in-law and her son, who has just returned home from the service were there also.

Mrs. Helen Holt has received word that her husband Edward Holt has left Pearl Harbor and is on his way home.

Charlie Brackett is working in the tannery at South Paris.

Frederick Robie Grange #307 will meet in regular session Tuesday evening November 27. The first and second degrees will be conferred on a class of candidates. A special meeting will be held on Thursday evening November 29. At that time the degree team of Bryant Pond will work the third and fourth degrees for us.

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.

Go hungry and cold like the wolf,

Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will
thicken

The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and
swarthy.

But you'll walk like a man!

"Do You Fear the Wind?" by
Hamlin Garland.

SCRIBNER HILL NOTES

Lena K. Dyer

Some winter! Oh well, in about four more months it will begin to look like spring. So far you can still see the snow fence, that is more than we could do two years ago at Thanksgiving.

Theodore Culbert shot an eight point deer last Friday. No one on the Hill has had any luck yet.

Thursday the Mending Club met with Doris Culbert. Refreshments of sandwiches, celery, tea and cookies was served. The Club was invited to spend the day with Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Peaco, at Auburn. The next meeting will be held Friday of this week with Lena Dyer.

Dean Peaco was dinner guest of his father and mother Sunday. In the afternoon Dean and Mabel called on Linley Peaco and family. Ernest Peaco spent most of his time working on his house at East Otisfield.

Rose Hamlin from Norway spent the week-end with the Culberts. Saturday night her daughter Doris gave a party in honor of her mother's birthday. Those present were: Gladys Freeman, Mabel Peaco, Pearl Peaco, Lena Dyer, Addie, Alice, Beverly, Betty and Judy Bean, Ola Lamb, Winifred Vosmus and Rose Hamlin the guest of honor. When refreshments were served Fred Culbert, Chester Lamb, Ralph Freeman, Howard Dyer, Ernest and Linley Peaco joined the party.

Delia Stone visited relatives in Portland Sunday.

Maurice Whitcomb helped Howard Dyer cut wood Thursday.

Thanksgiving plans from the Hill people are rather incomplete so far. A lot depends on the weather.

Hope that everyone enjoys the day and does not eat too much.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Chase are spending a few days at home. They enjoyed Thanksgiving with two of their children, Lelahd and Alta, with her family. Nadine and Len Moser were unable to get home.

Mr. and Mrs. C.R. Lang (the Cushman man) spent Thanksgiving with his parents in Westbrook.

The man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my most ungrudging love: and the evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me. - Buddha.
The less people speak of their greatness the more we think of it.
Bacon.

GERTRUDES CORNER

Hi folks! Old November has been freakish as usual as to weather. Weather is always a handy and safe subject to talk about and discuss. Since this war we have come in closer touch than ever before with climate and customs in foreign lands. How many of us ever heard much about the island of Okinawa til our Army went there? Now it seems fairly well known with it's kindly people working their tiny farms.

I was interested in a piece written by a soldier in Iceland. It seems the boys expected to see everyone heavily clothed in woolens and furs there. But to their surprise people dressed and acted just as people at home do.

On the clothes lines the boys noticed rayon and percale dresses so they said, and the ladies hats were like our ladies - quite queer, some of them, as ladies styles do come once in a while. The stores were small but stocked with goods as seen in this country. The hot springs were a great surprise however. (No more til next week).

Gertrude I. Barrows.

SPURRS CORNER

Just about one more week in which to get your deer.

W.W. Hamlin lost a nice horse Tuesday.

Miss Lillian Carro is working for Mrs. Ralph Dyer.

The Rev. and Mrs. Millard Gile and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hamlin attended the Baptist Conference at the Baptist Church in Norway one day this week.

Mrs. Gertrude Barrows is having some stove wood from Reuben Kimball.

Miss Betty Ash of Otisfield and PVT. Harry Cross of Bridgton were married November 11 in Bridgton. Private Cross is stationed at Rhode Island.

Mrs. Charles Mitchell and Mrs. Laura Fickett were in Norway Monday on business.

Walter Whitman is working for Norman Hamlin.

Mrs. Jason Little is very ill.

Pvt. William Ash Jr. is home on a three weeks furlough from Camp Robinson, Arkansas. He is going back to Pickett Virginia, then expects to be sent to Germany.

Mr. Frank Shackley and family and Mr. and Mrs. William Ash Sr. and family are having Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. Arthur Shackley and wife in Rumford Maine.

EDITORIAL

Life on a boat is eating, sleeping, keeping watch, (four hours on and eight off) and keeping the boat shipshape.

When a ship is at sea the Captain is absolute monarch of his domain, whether the owner of the ship is aboard or whether the ship be a 135 foot boat or a 400 foot liner.

A quartermaster in the service of the Merchant Marine is, officially, a helmsman. He must know the rules of the road; be up on the international code; know blinker and semaphore signals. He must be able to take a bearing, keep the log book, keep track of the mens time, all this and more is the quartermasters job.

A small boat crew consists of the Captain, two mates, a chief engineer, two assistants, three quartermasters, three boatswains, six able seamen, two cooks, two messmen, six oilers and three radio operators.

A ships crew live in a small world of their own, where men meet and conquer the dangers and perils of the sea.

The telephone lines are down somewhere so that the folks at Spurrs Corner are unable to get Central.

Miss Bethel Gile visited Mrs. Charles Mitchell Wednesday.

Miss Anna Nevin and Mrs. Gertrude Barrows are having Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Barrows' sister Mrs. R.E. Gay of Casco.

The McAuliffes are expecting their family home to eat turkey with them on Thanksgiving Day.

Cornelius McAuliffe is home from the Merchant Marine.

Into the woods MY Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind t
to Him;

The little gray leaves were kind to
Him;

The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Sidney Lanier.

You can not believe in honor until
you have achieved it. Better keep
yourself clean and bright; you are
the window through which you must
see the world.

George Bernard Shaw.

F.P.O.
New York City

Dear O.N. Readers;

Some of the Waves here, I for one, have decided we may as well go home week-ends whenever we've time to make the trip. We've tried staying here in the city and find that we get even less sleep. Changing shifts as we do, we just can't get used to sleeping nights. Might just as well twist and turn in coach sea seats as in our bunks, and in the coach seat we're on our way home. So-o-o, we're commuters, -interstate.

Besides it's a relief to get away from the Navy and its annoying little ways. We're ready to ---- well be a little desperate because of Navy ways by the end of the week. We have captains inspection every Friday at barracks and here at the F. P.O. too. So Thursday night or Friday morning, according to working hours, we knock ourselves out cleaning our apartments (some things I put away once last summer when we got shipshape are still missing). Then, always with a late start Friday, hurry to report to duty, and with muster we're detailed to clean something worse each time. Of course each Wave works the dirt thru her skin to the bone and every one else "fluffs off".

It was after just such a Friday of captains inspections that my guest Bette Connelly and I spent last week-end in Otisfield. Bette was very ready to find this town beautiful and have a lot of fun. We did have a grand week-end. I standing smugly by with an "I told you so" expression while Bette praised the place and its people.

But, oh the irony! Saturday night we thought to stay indoors and pop corn and eat apples. Instead we went to Grange supper. That was fine; wonderful, in fact, because Bette had a splendid chance to meet you. It was what came afterwards that seems ironical. Bette and Gertrude went home and I stayed for Grange INSPECTION. See you next week.
Cartha Saunders.

Where was "Nanny" Keenes letter this week? Did they have turkey, goose or chicken?

Bolsters Mills folks must be mighty busy with Thanksgiving.

The minister must have been over-eating. No Oxford items.

South Otisfield writer must be still hunting for the robbers.

William Greenleaf

William Greenleaf of Oxford died suddenly Thursday November 15. He was the third son of the late Percy and Harriet B. Greenleaf. He was aged fifty three. He leaves his wife Addie B. Greenleaf of Oxford, a daughter Virginia Gibson, a grandchild, three brothers, Ernest, Francis and Hartley and his mother who resides in Norway. There are also several nieces and nephews.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

"Sea-Fever" by John Masefield.

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work - a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts - which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is this conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.

William Mathews.

Search thy own heart; what paineth thee in others in thyself may be.
J.G. Whittier.

Life is but a thought. - Coleridge.